

The Nile and Old Glory

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The Nile and Old Glory

by [Fetish Ball \(arsenicarose\)](#)

Summary

Sometimes, you unintentionally do some ~stuff~ with your best friend in the anonymous room of a dungeon.

And, sometimes, you accidentally do it again.

You might even do it more times than that, but not on purpose, of course.

(AKA Denial and a Glory Hole. ☺)

Blowjob Consequences

George was better than this. He really was, though it was hard to convince himself of that with a cock in his face. It really wasn't his fault. Moving in with Dream had really put him on edge, and there was nothing he wanted more than to give a sloppy blowjob, and maybe get one in return.

So he took a deep breath and caressed the dick that hung in front of him with a feather light touch, stroking a soft line down its full length. It perked up in his hand, hardening quickly as its anonymous owner grunted behind the wall. It was the only part of the man George could see, except for the occasional snatch of thigh that passed on the other side of the glory hole.

He hesitated for a moment, suddenly anxious. Everyone had to submit STI records to get in, vetted people only, but this was George's first time sucking some anonymous cock. What would it be like?

There was only one way to find out. With a sigh, he started to press his lips to it, wet open mouth kisses along the shaft, sometimes sucking on the skin softly. The anonymous man seemed to really enjoy this, so he continued, stroking up and down around the efforts of his mouth.

A low, gravelly, "*Fuck!*" made it through the wall, and George couldn't help but feel proud. He was just getting started.

The head slipped into his mouth easily, and he sucked on it lightly, running his tongue along the edge and across the slit. It pulsed softly, as if begging for more, and George was happy to oblige. He let his head sink down, excruciatingly slowly, taking each inch as if it was a mile, and letting his tongue play with the skin and the veins beneath him.

"Jesus Christ..."

George held back a smile as his face gently bumped into the plastic covered edges of the hole. The wall prevented him from fully reaching the base, but he had gotten most of it down without issue. A low, satisfied hum vibrated through his throat, causing the man to gasp.

George drew his head back, pulling himself almost all the way off, before sliding back down again. He started slowly, evenly, teasingly, trying to drive the poor, hidden man wild, before finally picking up the pace, bobbing up and down like his life depended on it.

The glory hole was perfect for this. No hands, no deep throat, no force. Just George and a penis to play with, and he had complete control of what he did to it and when. He was a toy, to be used, but not abused. He couldn't trust a stranger to be this nice to him without a barrier.

He would definitely be doing this again.

The dick in his mouth started to throb, pulsing between his lips. The man was getting close. George renewed his efforts, focusing on sucking, stimulating, drawing, like he was trying to steal the man's soul through his cock, and the man reacted. George could hear the scrabbling grip on the wall, the desperate gasping, and the cascading moans that poured out of his mouth.

"I'm gonna-"

Before the man could even finish, he was coming. George sucked it down as far as he could go, letting the cum paint the back of his throat. He swallowed it as it shot out, barely giving the poor dick a rest from sensation as it spasmed inside of his mouth. George kept sucking, kept that seal,

until the man started to pull away. Then, George immediately let go, sinking back on his heels and gasping.

He couldn't believe he just did that.

A single finger curled through the hole, beckoning to him. "Your turn."

A grin spread across George's face, and he pulled himself out of his pants, already painfully erect from what he had been doing. There was something delicious about sucking off a stranger, especially when you could do it well. He slipped his cock through the hole gently, and the stranger began his ministrations immediately.

The man started with gentle strokes, soft kisses, licking, and then the inhalation to the base. He seemed to be mimicking George, actually. It didn't bother George in the least, though. He did what he did because it worked, and it was working on him too. He let out a keening moan, pressing his hips against the wall to try and give the man more access to him.

The man kind of laughed at George's sound, but it didn't seem derisive, and it felt *amazing*. It left George panting. He wanted so badly to jizz down this stranger's throat. It felt so deliciously dirty, and he definitely felt like he had earned it.

Suddenly, his cock popped out of the mouth, and George could feel the cool air brushing across his wet skin. The man started kissing again, achingly slowly, more slowly than even George had done earlier, and ran a finger along George's slit.

"Please..." George begged, bucking against the hand that held him.

Another laugh, but the stranger didn't give in. He kept kissing, occasionally licking long, wet stripes and lapping up the precum as it leaked.

"*Please !*"

The mouth became a vacuum, taking him down in one swift motion that made George's legs wobble. He cried out, getting closer and closer to completely losing it as the man sucked for dear life.

"Oh, fuck!" George gasped

A hum of approval, which drove George *wild*, and the man continued, going so far as to stick a finger in the glory hole so he could run it along the base of George's shaft.

"Ah, I'm gonna, mmmm, " George moaned, head falling back.

The man didn't acknowledge him, but didn't stop the onslaught. It felt like he was drawing George deeper and deeper with every pass, even as George knew it was impossible.

Finally, it took him. His cock twitched and sprayed cum into the anonymous mouth wrapped around it. George writhed, obscene sounds and curses gushing from him like a waterfall, and he couldn't stop them.

The man sucked him into overstimulation too, and suddenly George regretted doing it to him first. He *whined*, pawing at the wall, but he didn't quite want it to stop either. It felt so *good*. Everything felt *amazing*, and he was more relaxed than he had been in a long time.

Finally, the mouth let him go, and he fell back again, stumbling on unsteady legs. "My God," he

murmured.

Their turn in the booth was over, and the next randomly assigned pair would want to get in soon, so George started gathering his things. He also made sure to use a sanitizer wipe to clean the whole pod, even though he hadn't touched much or made a mess. It was a simple blue cubicle with a tile floor, plaster walls, and a single blue chair, and it wasn't very big, about the size of a shower stall (in fact, it might have once been a shower stall).

When he went to wipe the glory hole itself, his fingers brushed with the stranger's, and it sent a thrill through him, though he wasn't sure why.

"You know," the stranger said, voice still muffled and weirdly echoing from the booth, "That was pretty amazing, what you did."

It was meant to be anonymous sex, but you were encouraged to meet with your randomly assigned fuck-buddy, if you wanted to, and George wanted to, so he replied, "Thank you. Happy to be of service."

"I'll bet." The man laughed, and George could hear him step into the antechamber. "You are either a natural, a pro, or both. You wanna-"

The stranger's words cut off as George drew the curtain back, revealing himself, and George couldn't help but do a double take too.

"Dream?!" George asked, practically collapsing from the shock of it.

"*George?*" The lanky blond didn't fall, but his eyes bugged out of his sockets, scanning George from head to toe like he was seeing him for the first time.

"How the fuck...?" George imagined Dream's mouth as the one wrapped around his member, imagined Dream's cock between his own lips, and felt a kind of heady need rush through him.

"*You* were the one who...?" Dream couldn't quite manage to say, "blew me?"

They stood in silence for a moment, completely unsure of what to do. Realizing that you and your best friend had accidentally sucked each other's dicks is a lot to process, and it was especially difficult since both thought the other was *straight*.

"Um... Uh... So...?" Dream stammered, trying to figure out literally anything to say.

"Let's just... What if this never happened?" George offered.

Dream let out a sigh of relief. "Yeah, that sounds good to me. Never happened. See you at home!" With that, he turned on heel and bolted, leaving George alone.

It kind of hurt, but George felt much the same way. Had he thought about crawling up Dream's lap and sucking him off to the point the man couldn't breathe? Of course! Many times over, in fact. But they couldn't actually *do* that! They had a career and a multi-year long friendship to consider. The best thing was to ignore it and move on.

And George couldn't feel too bad, since he had suggested it in the first place.

With a final look around, he strode out of the door, trying not to imagine what it would be like to live with Dream after that.

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George didn't need to worry. Dream took the lie *incredibly* seriously, and literally nothing changed between them. If George didn't know better, he wouldn't believe that it had even happened, and he definitely knew better.

Sometimes, when he was alone, it would haunt him. It was one of the best blowjobs he had ever gotten, and he wasn't going to forget it anytime soon, even if he was pretending it was anyone but Dream. In those desperate moments in the dark, he would let his mind wander, running a hand down his bare stomach until it brushed against his growing need, and stroke himself until he spilled across his chest.

Other than that, he didn't think about it. It was one thing to blow a stranger, it was another to blow your best friend, and if Dream had felt the same way, he wouldn't have been so terrified. He wouldn't have taken the out.

It was surprising how well George could manage his day to day life when he fully knew what Dream's cock looked and tasted like. He kept Dream and the anonymous man from the booth completely separate in his mind, and it worked great. He had always been good at compartmentalizing, especially when it was something so critical.

So when he went back to the club to seek the glory hole again, it was easy for him to pretend it was just about getting off, and not about trying to connect with a certain man again.

The match ups were completely random, though, and based on whoever was available. The second time George went, he got matched with a guy who only wanted to receive, which sucked (and not in the good way). George didn't even try to get off or meet the guy after. The third time, the guy only wanted to give, which was nice, but it wasn't quite good enough for George. The fourth time, it was an even exchange, but again, the blowjob just wasn't right. It was a valiant attempt, but there was no magic to it.

George realized it was because ~~Dream~~ the first guy had been paying attention to him. All the other men were just giving generic blowjobs, but ~~Dream~~ the first man had felt what George did, listened to his reactions, and really tried to make it *great*.

So now George was spoiled for anonymous blowjobs?

He took a week break, tired of the half-baked satisfaction that came from haphazard, careless attempts at getting him off, and tried to think of another way. For a brief moment, he considered just *asking* Dream, but that idea was quickly discarded.

After the week, he went back again, unable to resist the pull and need. He was horny all the time, and nothing satisfied him. No matter how many times he masturbated, he still felt a need growing in his belly, and he hoped that physical contact would help.

The second he walked into the booth, he knew it was different. It felt weird to admit it, but he recognized the erection poking out from the hole in the wall. It was the man from his first time, it had to be. George dropped to his knees, almost gratefully, and kissed the cock on its head, as if to greet it.

*It's good to see you again*, George wanted to say, but that would be too strange, so he settled for

eagerly licking the shaft, before placing those trademark open mouthed kisses along the entire length.

“Oh!” A gasp of realization and understanding, and George was sure that the man recognized him too.

This spurred him on, and he began doing all of his trademark moves. The man on the other side was writhing and gasping immediately, already so close from so little. George wondered if Dream just hadn’t been hit with the need like George had, if he had just managed to go back to a normal life. He was getting off so fast that it seemed like he hadn’t cum since last time.

George pushed that thought away though. There was no room for Dream in this place. There was only pleasing someone, getting them to spill on him. He sucked down to the base, managing to push his nose through the gloryhole a little, just to get that extra half inch of cock in him, before pulling back up.

The gasps and moans and cries came faster, and George bobbed back down. Suddenly, the cock was pulsing, ready to finish, and George threw his head back, yanking the dick free from his mouth with a pop, before stroking it to completion all over his face. The jizz landed in perfect fashion, one strand across his cheek, one on the bridge of his nose, and one down his hair into his forehead.

He kind of wanted ~~Dream~~ the man to see it.

Again, the finger slipped through the hole, beckoning, almost begging, and George eagerly slid himself through. It was as good as he remembered. The man behind the wall was actually paying attention to George’s body, his sounds, and his desires. He sucked on the side of the shaft a little hard, when he realized that George liked the sensation. His tongue swirled all around the head, focusing heavily there until George could barely breathe, before dropping all the way down to the base in one go.

Gods, but ~~Dream~~ the man was an artist.

George needed it *so* badly, too. He hadn’t had a satisfying orgasm since the first time with that same man, but he could already feel that this time would be good. And there was something impossibly delicious about getting sucked off with cum on his face.

“Ah, *please* , I’m, ahnnnn,” he moaned, getting close, much faster than he intended.

The man hummed his approval and sucked down, clearly planning on taking it to the throat again.

That hum set George off, and he came, practically screaming into the wall at the relief of it. *Thank God* , he thought, as he finally felt satisfied and *good* for the first time in weeks.

George cleaned up quickly and eagerly. He couldn’t wait to meet the “anonymous stranger” again.

Dream was just as eager, because he was waiting in the antechamber, tapping his fingers anxiously against his leg. “George, I think-” As he spoke, he turned to see George’s grinning face, still painted with cum.

“You think?” George prompted helpfully, trying to keep the smug grin off his face as he watched Dream absolutely unravel.

“Um... well... George, is that...? Did you...?” Dream stammered, clearly flustered.

George tried to keep an innocent face, batting his eyes and feigning ignorance. “Yes, Dream?”

“Uh... Nevermind. Um, we should talk...”

George couldn't keep that grin off anymore, and he sidled up to Dream. “Are you alright? You seem a bit distracted...”

“I'm fine... I just... Is that... mine?”

George took one of his fingers and dragged it through the cum on his cheek, before popping it into his mouth. He licked it thoroughly clean with a deft tongue, maintaining eye contact with Dream the entire time. “Mhm.”

Dream literally fell back against the wall, collapsing from the weight of something that George couldn't name. He hoped it was at least something good. “Uh... George, I... We really need...”

“Alright, alright. I think that's enough,” George laughed, “I don't want to give you an aneurysm or something.” He walked back into his side of the booth, grabbed a wet wipe, and cleaned the rest of the cum off his face and hair. Mocking Dream with his own semen was funny to George, but Dream clearly didn't agree. Oh well.

When he returned, Dream was still there, still braced against the wall, but he seemed a bit more put together. “Thank- Uh... Nevermind. We need to *talk* .”

“Talk about what?” It was a dangerous game he was playing, and he knew it, but he couldn't help himself. He was finally feeling the relief from a good release, and it was making him a little giddy. He hadn't realized how backed up he was.

“George, please. I just... I want to keep doing this.” Dream couldn't even meet George's gaze as he said it. His eyes darted around before finally settling on a spot on the floor.

“Oh?” George was loving that it was Dream squirming for once, even though he wanted it just as badly.

“I need it...” Dream whispered, so quietly that George almost didn't hear.

With that tone, that *need* , George couldn't tease anymore. “I need it too, Dream. I haven't... I've been here since, but it wasn't...”

“I couldn't even finish...” Dream admitted.

“Wait really?” George cocked his head to the side, wondering what *that* meant.

“I mean I could take care of myself no problem, but no one else was doing it... right.”

George smiled. “Same here.”

That was enough for Dream to finally look up, to let George look into those pretty golden eyes. “What do we do then?”

*Go on a date with me.* George thought, but that would be ridiculous. “Umm... I don't know... Keep wearing our socks, I guess?”

Dream laughed, crumpling inward at the thought, but then, something hit him. “Wait, actually? What if we just did that? Like metaphorically?”

“What? Dream, I was kidding. Besides, I don't think either of us are straight, so we don't need to worry about ‘socks.’”

“No, I mean, what if we just... Hold on... Follow me.” Dream swept out of the room, leaving a very confused George in his wake.

Despite his complete cluelessness, he did end up following Dream. What else could he do? He would do anything for Dream. Well, almost.

He found Dream at the front, talking with Gene, who worked the reception desk. “So, is it possible to rent the glory hole on a weekly basis?”

Gene considered it for a moment. “I mean, I suppose? I can’t imagine why you would want to, though. I mean we have rooms, hot tubs, and dungeons. Why would you want the glory hole?”

“Don’t worry about it. It’s just a... thing we’re doing, maybe.” Dream shot an anxious look to George.

“Umm... Well let me ask the higher ups, though I’m sure there shouldn’t be an issue.”

Dream relaxed a little, shoulders dropping to a neutral position. “That’d be great.”

As Gene wandered away from the front, George slipped in next to Dream and whispered, “Why would we rent the glory hole?”

“George, I really need this, but I know we can’t... Like there’s no... It’s better if we don’t do it with *each other*, right?”

George sighed, trying to keep the disappointment out of it. He knew in his heart that they couldn’t, but he really wished they could. Clearly, Dream just needed to get off, and George did too. It would have to be enough. “Right. That would be... a lot.”

“Exactly,” Dream nodded, “But what if we kept pretending that we weren’t? We can use the glory hole with each other, but just pretend it’s someone else!”

It was kind of a ridiculous idea, but if it was all Dream was going to offer, it was something worth trying. It was far better than however long it would take for George to figure out how to get himself off again. “I guess that could work...”

“But no more...” Dream’s face became pained. “Teasing. Please?”

“Teasing?”

“Like the... stuff... On your... face...” Dream’s voice became lower and lower as he kept talking, until the last word was the barest breath of a sound.

George blushed. “Right, sorry.” It didn’t occur to him *why* it would bother Dream that he was teasing. His brain didn’t even consider it to be relevant, too embarrassed over taunting Dream with his own cum.

“No, it’s fine... It was... funny.” Dream plastered a smile across the tight set of his jaw.

“Yeah, it was...”

“Alright,” Gene called from around the corner, “So I asked the boss, and he’s fine with it. You’ll have to pick one of the more dead times for the booth though, if you don’t mind.”

“That’s fine with me.” Dream turned, looking down at George with those disarming eyes. “George?”



“Yeah, that works.”

They left the kink club together, but it didn't feel like it. It felt like they were just walking out of some normal establishment, talking and joking like they hadn't just sucked each other off. Neither of them were thinking about the fact that they were scheduled to do it again in a week either.

Not even a little.

## Anal Beginnings

“Normal” was getting weird. George and Dream still didn’t talk about what they had done, or what they would be doing, but there was... something. Their relationship hadn’t changed outwardly, but a tension kept snapping between them.

George found himself to be completely obsessed with his friend’s eyes. They were so pretty and *penetrating*. Sometimes, George would be floored by the weight of those eyes as they caught his gaze, even though it was always about something innocuous. It made him feel ridiculous, especially since Dream was so clearly not affected.

(He also might have been developing an obsession with Dream’s mouth...)

George mostly managed to keep himself contained though. There was no undignified staring. He just allowed himself to savor those wonderful parts of Dream when it was appropriate to see them. Friends looked into friends eyes (longingly) when talking, right? And sometimes friends would let their gaze dip to their friends lips on accident... right?

George really tried not to think about it, though. He tried to ignore these little pulls that he kept feeling. There was a strict boundary, and he was keeping it. He had no other choice.

Halfway through the week, George’s neediness took over. He hadn’t even wanted to try masturbating, since it had been so ineffective before, but it was quickly becoming a problem. One night, he found his hand drifting towards his pants, and he just decided to roll with it. He let his eyes slip closed and lay back.

The hand slid lower, passing under the band of his boxers to brush against his... “Oh!” he gasped, covering his mouth. How was he already so sensitive and needy? He had never been like this before, so horny *all the time*. It wasn’t really manageable, but he didn’t know what to do.

As he began stroking himself, covering his face to stop the moans, he started to feel that frustrating lack of satisfaction again. Sure, he would get to cum, but it just wasn’t enough. His mind started to wander.

“You like that, Georgie?” Dream’s voice popped into his head unprompted, causing him to jolt.

George’s eyes shot open to find the room still empty. His heart was pounding, but it started to slow as he realized it was just a fantasy, something he shouldn’t have about Dream, but...

George started stroking again, reaching back out for Dream’s voice. It was bad, *so* bad, but he couldn’t ignore how it made him feel. It had suddenly become worthwhile to cum, instead of just a perfunctory chore.

“That feel good, George?” Dream’s voice asked, as a hand teased along George’s length.

“Yes,” George breathed, “So good.”

“Perfect. I want you to feel good. You want more?”

“God, yes, please...”

The stroking became more intense, and George’s hips bucked against it, needing the friction. He let his other hand cup his cheek, imagining soft lips leaning in for a gentle kiss as his cock was

pumped even faster.

“God, George, you’re so eager for me! You’re practically fucking this hand!” Dream’s voice teased.

“I... know...” George groaned, “I... *need* ...”

“You need? What do you need, Georgie?” Suddenly, Dream’s voice was right in his ear, and it stole George’s breath for a moment. “You need to cum?”

“Mhm...” George whined.

“Then cum for me. I *want* you to.”

And he did. With a few last thrusts into his hand, he spilled across his chest with a strangled cry, before covering his mouth again, halting the rest of the sounds at his lips. He kept going, now knowing about Dream’s penchant for light overstimulation, until he really couldn’t take it. He collapsed, shuddering, into the bed, letting the afterglow wash over him.

After a few minutes of panting and settling himself, he felt... weird and a little dirty. He quickly rolled off the bed for an impromptu shame-shower, mostly to get the jizz off his chest.

As he washed himself, the depth of what he had just done hit him. His crush on Dream was nothing new, in fact, it had *been* a problem for him, but he had *never* jacked off to Dream before. It was kind of unsettling, and it felt like crossing a boundary. Some part of him was terrified, but some part of him didn’t care. It was a good orgasm.

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George expected his spontaneous masturbation session would make things even more weird between him and Dream, but it actually made it much easier. Since he had allowed himself to savor Dream in private, it was a lot easier to be normal in public, especially with their special day coming around the corner.

Dream didn’t really seem to notice or care though.

Finally, on the day of, George found himself giddy, practically skipping through the house as he got ready to leave. Dream was already out, so he could dance around to music, letting the excitement and anticipation rile him up with no judgement. If Dream saw it, he might realize that George was already too invested.

As he made his way over, he started to worry that Dream wouldn’t show, even though Dream had paid for the room and suggested it. It was just a thread of anxiety coiling around his gut, especially because of how badly he needed it. What if he walked all the way over there, a full mile, for nothing?

He needn’t have worried though. When he got into the booth, the familiar sight of Dream’s cock hanging from the hole greeted him. He barely closed the curtain before he was sucking it off, with such power and intensity and *wanting* that it legitimately caused Dream to yelp with surprise. George pulled off sheepishly, embarrassed at his excitement, and started to go slower.

Once they were both done, Dream said nothing of it. In fact, even as they met in the antechamber of the glory hole booth, all Dream said about the situation was, “You want a ride home?”

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Over the following month, they fell into a routine. They managed to set up two regular time slots at the glory hole per week, which was just enough to tide George over, though sometimes, he would still find himself jacking off to the imagined sounds of Dream’s voice.

As it went on, George found himself starting to want again, though. Blowjobs were great, but he wanted *more*. He wanted to be filled. Would that be too far? Would it even work through the glory hole? There was only one way to find out. It took a few sessions for him to get up the courage, but one day, he just went for it.

Before they were due to meet up, he prepped himself, stifling the moans and groans in case Dream was still inside the house. After one, two, three fingers, he popped in a butt plug to hold everything open. It felt so bizarre, but in a good way, especially since it shifted inside of him as he moved.

Then he realized he was going to have to walk the mile with that thing inside of him, and his face blanched. He wasn’t sure how he would make it that long. It was already starting to arouse him, and he had to tuck himself into the waistband of his underwear to hide it.

When he walked out of his room, he saw Dream lounging on the couch, scrolling through his phone. Heat crawled up George’s cheeks at the thought of what was inside him, and he started to waddle quickly and quietly to the front door, hoping Dream wouldn’t notice.

“Hey, you want a ride today?” Dream asked, “It seems silly to make you walk since we’re going to the same place.”

George wasn’t sure sitting in the car would be much better, but at least it would be a shorter period of time. “Yeah, sure.”

Dream hopped off the couch, patting his pockets to make sure he had everything, and headed for the door. “We can get there a little early, and it should be-” His eyes fell on George for the first time, watching him fidget slightly with a red tinge to his cheeks. “Um, George. You doing alright?”

“Yeah, I’m fine!” George replied, voice a tad shrill.

“You know we can stop doing this at any time,” Dream murmured, leaning in.

George’s breath caught, and he was lost in those huge, gold eyes. For a moment, he considered throwing away all pretense, grabbing Dream’s face in his hands, and kissing him. There was no need to drive to the stupid kink club if Dream would just fuck him right there.

“George...?”

“Oh! Sorry... Uh, no, it’s not that. Don’t worry about it, okay?”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, let’s just go. Please?” George was holding his breath, trying not to make any naughty

sounds. Dream was too close, and George could feel him. It was so... intimate. They had been this close before, but the knowledge of what they were about to do, combined with the plug in his ass and the lube in his pocket, was driving George absolutely wild.

"Right, of course." Dream cleared his throat and pulled away. "Sorry, I just... I worry. I don't want to push you too far."

"You literally aren't pushing."

Dream didn't reply to that.

The car ride was a bit strained. They had ridden home together after many times, but for some reason, they had never driven in together. There was an air of anticipation and anxiety. Every topic felt inappropriate and suggestive, and George couldn't help but wonder if Dream was already hard, like he was.

It was a relief to get to the building, to slip through the front room and hide in the secret booths. George knew that it was still Dream on the other side, but it was just a little easier to not have to look at him. Everything about Dream was disarming and delicious, and George had to be a bit more controlled about it, even as he was about to try to cross a line.

"Hey," George said, pushing the lube through the hole.

"Hmm...?" The voice came through, intrigued but confused. "Oh? What's that for?" He asked, taking it.

George shivered as their fingers brushed against each other. "For this." He flipped around and yanked his pants down, bending over to reveal the flared, blue base of the plug. His cock popped free, already fully erect and leaky. "Fuck me, please?"

The man on the other side of the wall gasped, but George couldn't tell what the sound meant. It could have been horror, desire, or just plain surprise. George started to feel a little anxious. Should he have done this?

"I-i-i-if it's not okay, we don't have to..." George stammered, starting to stand up.

"No, wait!" The man cleared his throat. "I mean, no, that's... fine. W-we can do t-that, if you want."

"Okay..." George pulled the plug out and waddled backwards, lining his ass up with the glory hole.

"Um... Are you... ready?" The man's voice was hesitant and worried, as if he wasn't quite sure what to do.

George braced himself against the chair and leaned against the wall. "Yes. I'm ready."

The tip of his cock pressed against his hole, gently prodding and testing the waters, before sliding its way inside. George let out a breathy sigh, digging his fingers into the chair.

"Wow, you really prepared..." There was a pause, though the man was still thrusting into him with a slow but steady pace. "Oh, is *that* why you were being weird?"

George cleared his throat. "I'm sorry? When was I being weird, anonymous stranger?" That was the most they had said to each other in the booths, and it was getting too close to real sex for

George. He wanted Dream more than anything, but they couldn't break the spell if Dream didn't like him back.

"Right, sorry." The man adjusted something and started to increase his pace, somehow getting more of his length through the hole.

It started to bump into George's sweet spot, and he let out a guttural moan. It felt so good to be *filled*, and his mind started to wander. He allowed the man to be Dream, despite himself, and that made it even better. He imagined what it would be like to have Dream gripping his hips and fucking him into the tile floor, with no barrier to keep them apart, and it made him cry out even louder.

He almost said Dream's name.

George started to stroke his cock, letting the precum leak onto his hand. It became Dream's hand, and he was getting closer and closer. The thought of *Dream* being the one to fuck him, to touch him, to *want* him, was making hornier than anything. It was so good that he forgot it wasn't allowed. He forgot that thoughts of Dream were supposed to be off limits. He couldn't find it in himself to care.

"Oh, fuck, ahhhhnnn!" he moaned, fucking his hand with abandon. "I'm so close!"

"Cum for me, Ge- Uh, cum for me! I want to *feel* it."

George couldn't possibly say no to that. He stoked a few final times before jizzing all over the tile floor. His ecstasy echoed through the stall, and he didn't try to hold it back even in the slightest.

The man on the other side seemed to be very affected by the sounds, but it also might have been how George was clamping his muscles down around the cock inside of him, squeezing it to try to milk it dry. It didn't take long for George's ass to be filled with cum, followed by a few final shaky thrusts, before the man pulled out with sputtered gasp.

Once George could breathe again, he started to clean the mess he had made in the pod, blushing furiously at the thought of talking to Dream after what he just did. Sure, he had masturbated to Dream before, but he had never let the man in the booth be who he actually was while they were doing it. What would that be like?

After everything else was wiped down, George's eyes fell to the butt plug that was sitting on the chair. He didn't relish the idea of carrying it in his pocket, so he supposed there was only one place for it. It slid back into his hole without issue, holding the cum in place, which was going to be really bizarre for the car ride home.

When he got out, though, Dream was gone. The curtain was wide open, but Dream was nowhere to be seen. George wandered out of the booth, waddling slightly, and checked the open halls and corridors of the kink club, but he couldn't find Dream. He didn't bother to ask Gene at the front desk, because he knew it in his heart, and it was just confirmed by the lack of Dream's car in the parking lot.

Dream had left without him.

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The Uber he ended up taking home after was the most shameful thing for him. Not because of the sex, but because of the rejection. It hurt to be stuck in a stranger's car, body shaking slightly from overstimulation, cum in his ass, while his sex partner and *best friend* ran away from him without a word.

The next few days were spent drowning in anxiety. Dream was clearly avoiding him, and George didn't know what to do. Had he gone too far? Had he pushed Dream too hard?

If George was being honest with himself, he would admit that he was avoiding Dream a little bit too.

Days passed, and the next appointment at the glory hole quickly approached, taunting George with promises that would never come to pass. As much as he hoped that Dream would be there, he knew there was no way. They hadn't even seen each other since the last time, let alone spoken.

When the time came for George to start getting ready, he just sighed and let himself sink deeper into the game he was playing to distract himself. If he hadn't been playing, he would have watched every second drag by to a time of day that he used to love. As it was, even with the game, he kept looking at his clock and his phone, as if something would suddenly change between them that would make it all okay.

George was getting a good mope going when there was a light knock on the door. There was no one else it could be, and he was tempted to ignore it.

"George?" came Dream's tentative voice, almost pleading.

"What?" George sounded far more bitter and angry than he meant to, but he couldn't really help it.

"Can... Can I come in?"

"No."

"Please, George? We need to talk."

George rolled his eyes. "Oh *now* we need to talk. It's been fucking *days*, Dream. I'm sorry that fucking my ass is so *torturous* that you can't fucking *talk* to me, but I'm fucking *busy* right now."

"George, please... That's kind of what I want to talk to you about..."

"Look, I get it! Anal sex was too far. Lesson learned. Now leave me *alone*. You're getting good at that."

"Anal sex wasn't too far!" Dream shouted, startling George a little. He took a deep breath, before continuing, softer. "I want to tell you, but I would prefer that it wasn't through the damn door!"

George sighed. "Fine, come in." Dream had a tendency to do things his way. If George insisted, *really* insisted that they weren't going to talk, Dream would go away, but he knew that George would let him in eventually. He always did.

"Thank you..." Dream pushed the door open, a sheepish expression on his face. "Sorry for yelling... I just... It's been weird..." He shut the door behind him. "You're, uh, you're not ready to go?"

"Dream, you haven't talked to me in three days. I was kind of assuming that it was cancelled." George glared at him, crossing his arms in defiance.

“Yeah... About that... So, when I said that anal sex wasn’t too far, I might have been wrong...”

I fucking knew it, George thought, eyes narrowing. “Okay.”

“But not in the way you’re thinking, George!” Dream sat on the bed, dropping his head into his hands. “Fuck, this is so hard to do. I’ve been avoiding it, but it needs to be said.”

That sent a jolt of curiosity and hope through George, but he didn’t want to admit it, yet. “Oh?”

Dream took several deep breaths, shaking slightly, before lifting his head and pinning George with those golden eyes again. “I’m... It was too much because... I’m in love with you, George. I can’t keep doing this. I’m sorry, but it’s actually killing me to have you but not *have* you.”

“Wait, you’re in love with me?” George asked, incredulously. Hope was flowers in his chest, blossoming and bursting against his ribcage.

Dream braced himself, eyes slipping closed in fear. “Yes...”

“Dream, I was having the exact same problem! From the beginning honestly! But you just seemed so horrified it was me the first time...”

“What? But *you* seemed horrified it was *me* ! And you literally made the offer of pretending it never happened in the first place!”

“You just looked so... I don’t know, disgusted?” George remembered that deep and terrifying fear of rejection from the first day. “And then you just kept keeping us apart! Like doing it through a glory hole, so you could get off without needing to see it was me!”

“I only did that because you wanted to pretend it had never happened! I thought I was giving you an out!”

George sighed, leaning back in his chair. “I thought *I* was giving the out to *you* .”

“Wow, we really messed that up, huh?” Dream wove his fingers together, leaning forward to rest against them. “So... You’re in love with me too?”

“Yes, Dream, I am.” It was hard for George to admit, but he knew Dream needed it, and he was really bad at saying no to him.

A grin broke out across Dream’s face. “I might need to hear you say it.”

“Oh my GOD, Dream,” George groaned, though there was a matching smile on his face. He really did like to make Dream smile. “I am in *love* with you, Dream. Happy?”

The grin got bigger. “Yes, very.” Dream crossed the room, falling to his knees in front of George. “Now... There’s something I’ve always wanted to do, Georgie.”

“And what’s that?”

“I want you to look me in the eyes while I suck you off. I want to feel your fingers in my hair and be able to touch you back.” A tentative hand rested on George’s thigh, with such light pressure that it was barely there. “Please?”

That gave George a bit of a head rush. Dream’s gaze was so heavy and thick with need, and the idea of having Dream between his legs was... powerful. For a moment, George was completely unable to speak, just lost in those huge golden eyes and his own wanting, before he finally

managed to breath out, “God, yes.”

Dream slid into George’s lap, peering up through soft gold lashes as he deftly undid George’s button and zipper. He didn’t have a lot of patience, but neither did George, who lifted himself off his computer chair to help his pants slide down.

George’s cock was fully erect and wanting the moment it popped free, and Dream couldn’t help but stare at it longingly. “You know, I’ve been thinking about touching you like this,” Dream murmured, taking it in his grasp with one hand and tracing circles into George’s thigh with the other. “I could never stop thinking about you.”

“Neither could I,” George replied, voice far less steady than Dream’s as the pleasure rocked through him. “I tried so hard, but my thoughts kept drifting to you while I...” George stopped, afraid it was too far.

Dream’s thumb brushed across George’s slit, causing a thin gasp. “While you what? Please, tell me.”

“Ahhh, while I, oh!, m-m-masturb-bated,” George stammered. Dream was teasing George at that point, giving him only the barest of touches, but it was still driving the poor man wild.

Dream looked up, a devious expression slowly spreading across his face. “Oh, you masturbated to me?”

“Y-yes.”

A single kiss on George’s shaft, the lightest brush of lips, and Dream lifted his head again. “What did you imagine?”

George *whined* . “I imagined this, what we’re doing now, but Dream, please, stop *teasing* !”

“I can’t say no to you, Georgie.” Dream winked at him, before finally leaning down again.

It was absolute heaven. This time, George was able to watch Dream’s lip press open mouth kisses up and down his length, the tongue tracing his slit to catch the precum, the hand that stroked around everything to keep even stimulation, and his eyes. George kept getting drawn into those *eyes* .

It was everything he had imagined. Dream’s intense golden gaze shot up to meet his as he started to suck George’s cock down. George could feel Dream’s tongue swirling around his head, but he wasn’t looking anywhere but Dream’s eyes. He reached out and cupped Dream’s cheek lovingly, brushing his thumb across a soft dusting of freckles, as if to encourage, to say how much he loved it, and to say he was in love.

Dream sucked down to the base, causing George to cry out, rock back, and toss his head into the chair. “Oh fuck, Dream!”

Dream pulled off, smiling and still stroking. “I like that.”

“What? What do you mean?”

Dream sank back down again, finishing with, “Moan my name for me, please?”

“Right, of course! Yeah, I can definitely do that.” George threaded his fingers in Dream’s hair.

Dream was sucking for all he was worth at that point, bobbing up and down like it was his job, and George was lost. He remembered Dream's perfectly delicious request though, and all those pent up weeks of holding it back *finally* broke free. Soon, the only sound passing through his lips was, "*Dream! Dream! DREAM!*" It was driving the man in question *wild* and one of his hands dipped down so he could stroke himself. Dream hummed with satisfaction, which in turn sent shocks of pleasure through George.

"Oh, *Dream* ! I'm getting so fucking *close* ! *Please* !" George begged, writhing beneath his heavenly ministrations.

Dream pulled himself free again, keeping the rhythm going. "I want you to cum on my face."

George nodded, honestly not caring where it went as long as he got to finish.

Dream stroked both cocks together, somehow managing to keep pace even as he bucked against his own hand. George finished first, and fat ropes of cum shot out of him, splattering against Dream's waiting face as he kept pumping his dick.

"Wait," George panted, "Cum on me too."

Without hesitation, Dream stood, towering over George in his desk chair, and rubbed himself, legs shaking, until he got off as well. Pearlescent cords draped across George's chest, decorating his collarbones and neck.

With that, Dream collapsed to his knees again. "Holy fuck..."

"Holy fuck is right..." George gasped. He was silent for a moment, but he couldn't resist saying, "You know, you look really pretty with my cum on your face."

"So do you." Dream winked.

George carefully took Dream's cheeks in his hands, not caring about the cum, and leaned forward, pulling him up until their faces were mere inches apart. "I love you," he whispered, before carefully kissing Dream on the lips.

"I love you too," Dream replied when they broke apart.

Their eyes locked, and for a moment, it was too serious and too real. George let go, looking away sheepishly. "I guess you'll have to cancel the weekly reservations then?" he joked, trying to cut the tension.

Dream smiled, simply and easily. "Yeah, I guess so."

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